~~~~~~ THE HOUSE ON THE WALL. BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Author of "Under the Red Robe," "A Gentleman of France," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

The town of Huymonde in Spanish Flanders is being besieged by Austrians in 1791. The widow of an artist calls on the burgomaster. She resides in a house on the wall of the town with her young daugater, whom the burgomaster's conbas apparently deserted. She demands that he produce his son. The burgomaster, who has sent his son away, threatens her and turns her out. She goes back to her home, yowing vengeance. SYNOPSIS.

PART II.

A chance passer, seeing her stand A chance passer, seeing let school thus, caught the whiteness of her face, and thought her afraid. "Cheer up, mother!" he said, over his shoulder. "They are all bark and little bite." "I would they bit to the bone!" she

eried furiously.

But luckily be was gone too far to hear or understand, and resuming her course she hurried on, her head bowed, and in a few minutes came to the foot of the stone steps that, in two flights at right angles, led up to the low-browed door of her house. There, as she set her foot on the lowest stair, and wearily began the ascent, a man advanced out of the darkness, and touched her sie ve. For an instant she thought it the man, and caught her breath, and stepped But his first word showed her

r mistake. 'You live here?" he said abruptly. "Can I come in?" In ordinary times his foreign accent and the glint of a pistol barrel, which caught her eye as he spoke, would have set her on her goard. But tonight



A MAN ADVANCED OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND TOUCHED HER

she had nothing to lose, nothing, it seemed to her, to hope. She scarcely looked at the man. "As you please," she said dully. "What do you want?" e said dully, "Wha "To speak to you."

And she did not turn to him again antil they stood together in the room above and the door was shut. Then she asked him a second time what he

wanted.
"Are we alone?" he returned, staring suspiciously about him.
"My daughter is above," she answered. "There is no one else in the

"And you are poor?" She shrugged her shoulders indifferently, and by a movement of her hands seemed to put the room in evidence; one or two pictures, standing on easels, and a few common painter's properties re-deemed it from utter barrenness, yet

"Twenty," she answered mechanical-

A year?"

"Yes, a year."

The man had a round shaven face that sat in the circle of a tightly tied Steinkirk cravat like an ivory ball in a cup; and short hair, that might on occasion line a periwig. Notwithstand-ing his pistol, he had rather the air of a eyes, and they flashed with a keer glitter that belied his smug face and shaven cheeks. They caught the wid ow's eyes, as he answered her, and held

"Twenty crowns a year?" he said. "Then listen. I will give you two hundred crowns for this house for one For this house for one night?" she

repeated. "For this house, for one night!" he answered.

Then she understood. She was quickwitted; she had lived long in the house, and knew it; she knew without more that God or the devil had put tha which she sought into her hands. And her first impulse was pure joy. The thirst for vengoance welled up, hot and resistless. Now she could be avenged on all; on the hard-hearted tyrant who had rejected her prayer, on the sleek dames who would point the finger at her child, on the smug town that had looked askance at her all these years— that had set her beyond the pale of its dull grovelling pleasures, and shut her up in that lonely house on the wall Now-now she had it in her hand to take tenfold for one; and her face so shone at the thought that the man watching her felt a touch of misgiving, though he was of the boldest or he had not been there on that errand.

"When?" she said. "When?" "Tomorrow night," he answered, and then, leaning forward and speaking lightly, but in a low voice, he went on: "It is a simple matter. All you have to do is to find a lodging and begone from here by sunset, leaving the door on the latch. No more; for the money, it shall be paid to you, half tonight and half the day after tomorrow." "I want no money," she said,

'No money?" he exclaimed, incredu-'No, no money," she answered, in a

tone and with a look that silenced n. But you will do it?" he said, almost timidly I will do it." she answered: "At

Funct tomorrow you will find the door on the latch and the house empty. After that, see that you do your part!" His eyes lightened, "Have no fear," he said grimly. "But mark one thing, mistress." he continued, "It is an odd thing to do for nothing."

"That is my business!" she cried, with a flash of rage. He had been about to warn her that during the next twenty-four hours she would be watched, and that, on the least sign of any message passing be-tween her and those in authority, the

her-as she had so often seen it with the actual eye from the ramparts-she saw the clustering mass of warm red

Yet, strange to say, that which was uppermost in her mind and steeled her soul and lustified the worst, was not soul and justified the worst, was not her daughter's wrong, but the long years of loneliness, the hundred, nay, the thousand petty rlights of the past, bearable at the time, and in detail, but intelerable in the retrospect, now hope was gone. She dwelt on these, and the thought of what was coming filled her with a fearful joy. She thought of them, and took the lamp and passed into the next room, and throwing the light on the rough face of brickwork that closed the great window, eyed the eracks eagerly, and scarcely kept her fingers from beginning the work. For she understood the plot. One man working silently within, in darkness, could demotish the wall in an hour; then a whistle, rope ladders, a line of men ascending, before midnight the house would vomit armed men, the nearest gate would be selzed, and the town would lie at the mercy of the

roofs and walls, the outlying towers, the church, the one long, straight

street: and with outstratched arms she

doomed it-doomed it with a perfect senses of the righteousness of the sen-

Presently she had to go her daugh ter, but the current of her thoughts kept the same course. The girl was sullen, and lay with her face to the wall, and gave short answers, venting her misery in the common human fash-ion on the one who loved her best. The mother bore it, not, as before, in the patience that scorned even an uporalding but grimly, setting down each beevish word to the scorn that was so soon to be paid. She lay all night beside her child, and, in the small hours heard her weep and felt the bed shake with her unhappiness; and carried the corn farther-farther, so that day, and the twittering of sparrows, and the booming of early guns, took her by surorise. Took her by surprise—but work-ed no change in her thoughts. She was so completely under the in-

fluence of this iden, indeed, that she felt no fear; the chance of discovery, and the certainty in that event of pun shment without mercy, did not trouble her in the least. She went about her dinary tasks until late in the aftericon; then, without preface, told taughter that she was going out to

The girl was profoundly astonished. A lodging?" she cried, sitting up, 'Yes," the mother answered, coldly.

For whom do you think?"
"And you will leave this house?"

"But when?"

"Tonight."
"Leave this house-for a lodging-to night?" the girl faltered. She could not believe her cars. "Why? What has happened?"

Then the woman, in the flerceness of her mood, turned her arms against her child. "Need you ask?" she cried bitterly. "Do yo want to go on living in this house—in this house, which is your father's? To go in and out of this door. and meet our kind neighbors, and talk with them on these steps? To wait here—here, where every one knows you -for-for the man who will never

The girl sank back, shuddering. The Nevertheless, his next question stirred even her apathy: "What rent do you pay?" he ask harshly. "What rent?" she repeated, shaken out of her moodiness. "Yes. How many crowns?" "Twenty." she approach of the structure of the house, the older carrying a bundle of clothes, the younger whimpering and wondering, and so stungfed by the spaddenness of and so superfied by the suddenness of the movement, and the other's stern purpose, that she did not observe that they had left the door on the latch, and the House on the Wall unguarded. The people with whom they ...ad

found a ledging, a little room under the sharply-sloping tiles, knew them by name and sight—that in so small a



DID NOT OBSERVE THAT THEY HAD LEFT THE DOOR

place was inevitable-but found nothing strange in the woman's reason for moving—that at home the firing broke her daughter's rest, he housewife her daughter's rest, he housewife indeed, could sympathize.
"I never go to bed myself," she said, roundly, "but I dream of those wretch-es sacking the town, and look to awake

with my threat cut."

"Tut-tut!" her husband answered, angrily. "You will live to wag your tongue and make mischief a score of years yet. And for the town being sacked, there is small chance of that."

The elder of his new lodgers repeated that the property of that."

his words. Small chance of that," she said, mechanically. The man looked at her inquisitively. "Little or none," he said. "If we have te cry 'enough,' we shall cry it in time, and on terms, you may be sure, and they will murch in like gentlemen, and

r end of it." "But if it happen at night?" the wom an asked, curiously. She felt a strange compulsion to put the question.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Well; then, of course, things might be different." he said. "But God forbid!" God forbid!" he continued, hastily, and in a tone that betrayed his thoughts.

"And you, wife, get back to your pots and leave this talking!" The woman from the House on the Wall went upstairs to her room. She did not repent of what she had done, but a feeling of solemnity began to take book he held his peace, said curify that it was a bargain then, and in a moment left her.

With her secret. But for a time it was not of that or of her vengeance that she thought. Her mind was busy, instead, with the years of solitude and estrangement she had passed in that house and that room; with the depression that, little by little, had sapped her husband's strength and hope; with the slow decay of their goods, their cheerfulness, even the artistic joys that had at first upheld them; with the aloofness that had doomed her and her child to a dreary existence; with this last great wrong—

Yes, let it be! Lot it be! She rose on the thought, her face set like stone. In fancy she saw the town lie below

but a tecing of solemnity developed into queveloped into one of waiting—of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting—of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting—of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting—of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting—of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into one of waiting and watching and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied into a companion less preoccupied what the window was left at liberty to stand at the window was left at liberty to stand at the window was left at liberty to stand at the hold of her; and presently developed into one of waiting—of waiting and watching for she alone knew what. Given a companion less preoccupied with her own misery, and she must have been suspected. But the girl lay moodily on her bed, and the widow was left at liberty to stand at the window.

dered, with a slight shudder, how this dered, with a sight shudder, now this girl would fare between that and morning. And then the girl looked up, and met the woman's eyes with the blue innocence of her own—and the woman fell back from the window as if some one had struck her.

To be concluded. ABSOLVED THE FARMER.

Election Results Free Him from the Charged of Anarchy and Repudia-

Throughout the campaign just closed the claim was persistently made -y these on the free silver side of the di-viding line that the farmer would be the deciding factor, and that he would be found beneath the banner of the white metal. The claim was pressed so urgently that a great many of the Republicans, even counting some of the most sagacious among the number, feared for the farmer vote. But whatever may be said of the farmer and his verdancy in a jesting manner, it is the real sentiment of the American people that the American farmer is a man of hand, loyalty, and has his full share of hard sense. The election figures clear him completely of the accusations of training with the silver crowd.

It is interesting to run over the fig-

ures. Illinois is the foremost state in the union in the production of farm crops. Her annual yield is \$184,759,000, taking the figures of the last census, which are sufficiently accurate to carry the thread of the story. The Republi-can majority over Bryan in Illinois is 125,000. Next in importance to Illinois as a farm state is New York, with a crop of \$161,553,000, and a Republican majority of 260,000. Pennsylvania's anmajority of 260,000. Pennsylvania's annual farm crop is worth \$121,328,000. Her Republican majority is 297,000. Ohio with a crop of \$133,232,000 gave a majority of 56,000. Iowa, good for a crop of \$159,347,000, rolls up 65,000 Republican majority. Michigan's crop is \$83,000,000, her majority 50,000; Wiscensin's crop \$70,000,000, her majority 100,000. Per majority 100,000. Der majority 100,000. Der majority 100,000. Der majority 100,000. 60- Minnesota's crop \$71,000,000, ner majority 48,000. And so it goes. In every state that shows a considerable agri-cultural product, big Republican majorities have been cast over the Dem-ceratic ticket, or the normal Democratocratic ticket, or the normal Democratic majorities of other years have been reduced. Texas is the leading agricultural states saved by the Democrats. Her annual crop amounts to \$111,000.000. Cleveland, four years ago, had a majority of 158,000 over his Republican opponent, which is this year cut down to 75,000. The 40,000 of Kentucky has been wiped out or put in a slight victory on the other side. Tennessee is still not absolutely certain, although the on the other side. Tennessee is still not absolutely certain, although the Democrats triumphed there by 28,000 in 1892. California is redeemed from hav-ing gone for Cleveland. Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas are about the only really agricultural states that have not better for the Republican ticket

this year than in 1892.

But that is not all of the story. It might be said that all the gain came from the cities. But while the cities, the homes of the workingmen, re-sponded nobly, the country also did its sponded nobly, the country also du its share. A dumb, but effective witness of this fact was the Pest of Thurs.ay. It printed the majorities of the differ-ent counties in Pennsylvania, and along with the majorities the gain of each candidate in each county. In sixty-six counties gains were shown for McKinley. The column devoted to gains for Bryan was a bank from top to bottom. The startling intelligence was disclosed by such good authority that Bryon had not made a gain in a single county of the State. Demo-eratic strongholds vied with each other in getting under the banner of right-courness. The workingmen and the Jusiness men of the counties made a brave rally. But the counties are made up largely of farmers, and the farmers were enrolled on the right side when the vote was counted.

the vote was counted.

In other states it was the same.
Baltimore was counted on for as increased majority, which it was hoped
would save Maryland for the Republican would save Maryland for the Republicans. Faltimore gave the Republican frerease. So did the counties of Maryland. Chicago was depended upon to give a Republican vote sufficient to save the State from the farmers of the counties, and particularly of the south either of them alone are phenomenally large. New York City was looked to for a big increase in the Republican vote to make up for farmer defections. New York gave the increase and the farmers of the state came to the Harlem River with votes enough for the Republicar, ticket to appal the Demo-cratic candidate if he has any sensiliveness about him. The farmers of lowa, the farmers of Wisconsin, who have elected a good Pennsylvania coldier for their governor, the farmers of Minnesota, who surprised everybody by their devotion to sound money, the farmers in every State, have chared their skirts of the charges that it is the farmer's vote that threatens the

stability of the currency and the honor of the nation. The big majorities for silver, what few there are, come either from the mining states, or else from those hidebound Democratic states so completely given up to the Democrats that the ef-forts of the intelligent farmers could do no better than reduce the majorities or give the old party a scare. Colorado turns off a majority over the Repub-licans of 125,600. That is the only really big figure in all of Bryan's list of states. The mining states of the moun-tains did what they could with their small handfuls of voters, but even there the farm sense of the ranchers manifested itself. Colorado, with its comparatively big vote for silver, and Texas with its normal Democratic macrity over the Republican vote more than cut in two, are the only states carried by Bryan that gives more than 5,000 votes for him above that cast for McKinley. But McKinley has 12 states that give him more than 45,000 of a majority over Bryan. The two big agricultural states of New York and Pennsylvania give McKinley almost as much of a majority over Bryan as all Bryan's states give Bryan over Mc-Kinley.

While the farmer was exerting himself in behalf of the Republican ticket the workingman was not far behind. In every industrial center the work-ingman made his presence felt on elec-tion day, notwithstanding that he had been claimed with more or less vehem-ence by the other side. To be sure along toward the latter end of the campaign it had become more apparent how the workingman meant to yote. yet he was counted by the sliver leaders just the same. But the farmer was regarded by them as their certain property, and never for a minute did they lose hope of him. How much grounds the repudiationists had for their confidence the farmer has shown He has shown at the same time that the American farmer, always heretofore of the salt of the earth, and one of the most important pillars of the republic on the side of intelligence and steadfast devotion to his country.

HOME SCIENCE.

ONE OF THE QUEER SONS OF GENIUS

The Curious Character of Binjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield.

SEEMINGLY WITHOUT AFFECTIONS

Some Ancedotes Which Illustrate the Peculiar Traits of This Most Remarkable of Modern Politicians. His Singularities of Deportment and Dress .- Other Peculiarities.

Frederick Greenwood in The Cornhill. It is a charge against Disraeli that he had no affections, and was either born without or had conveniently suppressed them. And, indeed, of grand pasisons, so much to be expected of genius, no one has traced any indul

That the range of Disraeli's affections was limited is true; but for that there are obvious explanations, apart from defect of symmathy in himself or the policy of maintaining an impenetrable character. Within their narow bound his affections were deep and tender; all that is know of his domestic relations testifies to that. As for his friendships, no doubt they were what they are generally imagined—very few, indeed. Many and intimate friendships would have been fatal to his scheme of life, though it need not be supposed that he thought them any sacrifice. In all likelihood, the only idea that such in-timacies ever presented to his mind was that of intelerable invasion. Yet, if his life is ever written as it might be—the material is at hand and the seribe above ground—the world will earn. I think, that Disraell's few friendships were most warm and most affectionate. But there will be no complete portrait But there will be no complete portrait of Disraeli yet awhile. All thought of publishing his life or any of his papers in this century was abandoned long ago by him who, with most authority for the task, is by far the most competent to its performance. The enormous mass of Lord Beaconsield's papers, and the finished state of confusion in which they were left, may have had something to do with a decision taken on higher grounds. I have heard that he seems to have destroyed nothing like a letter, nothing in the least ing like a letter, nothing in the least documentary, that ever came into his hands.

HOW DISRAELI WEPT. Where so much is in doubt and so little known, it may be useful to take from my own recollections a scene quite unconfirmatory of the notion that Disraeli was without personal affec-tion. There is some historical interest

Disraell was without personal affec-tion. There is some historical interest in the story, too.

Colonel Home, though little known to the public, was an engineer officer of great distinction. It was he, who, go-ing before Lord Wolseley in Ashantee-lard, to cut jungle paths, bridge tor-rents, and be lost sometimes for days in situations of extreme peril, did much more for the success of the expedition than was ever acknowledged, except by some whose voices were weak and did not carry far enough. But Mr. Disraeli knew his worth, rating it none the less highly, perhaps, because it was an independent discovery, of his own. At some time during the Russo-Turkish war, when it seemed not unlikely that accident or policy would frow England into the conflict, the prime minister sent for Home and his maps. The intention explains itself. It was horoughly characteristic of Disraeli to thoroughly characteristic of Disraell to make a quiet study of what could be done, putting himself under skilful guidance not too highly placed. What he desired was a free range of inquiry, with a chance of new lights, and not the settled dicta of authorative personness which could be beauty. sonages, which could be had at any time on a sheet of foolscap. Home came: together they sat down to the maps: and, said Mr. Disrael: on the occasion I am about to tell of, "I soon found that I had in hand a man of extraordinary character and capacity," [Tournel of the could be perfectly by years, it could not have with a a "wide-awake" hat. traordinary character and capacity." chicago majority another one, and been long after this that Colonel Home

It happened that next day I was to see Mr. Disraeli at that haunted house No. 10 Downing street. On admission to him (it was a very early morning call), I found him bending over the Times, which was spread upon the table where he stood, and I think, had that moment been opened. Without looking up, his first word was, "You have seen the bad news?" The voice was so agitated-his. Mr. Disraeli'sthat I wondered for an instant what national calamity I had overlooked and was now to hear of, "You know that Home is gone?" he added, and then, in the same unexpected voice, into many expressions of affectionate admiration. The word that struck me most was, "I destined him to great command!" So speaking, he sat down by the fireside, as if quite overcome There he was silent, and the silence was such that for a time I did not like to look in his direction. When I did so I saw that the hands extended on his knees were flapping up and down from the wrist in a well-known movement of distress, and that tears were rolling down the cwful ruin which even in those days his face had be-

on it; rain upon the gray defaced feat-ures of the Sphinx. There are these who maintain that There are those who maintain that Disraell was always an actor; and an actor he certainly was in one way or another in nearly every situation. Yet the most investerate detraction will another in nearly every situation will the most inveterate detraction will stumble at the fancy that, at half-past ings a strong, soher will, a mind therito o'clock in the morning, he could put himself in the posture above described for the sake of imposing on a single observer; and that, too, a person to Marked out in detail, we might almost say. Except for his Jewish birth, another in nearly every situation. Yet the most inveterate detraction will for the sake of imposing on a single observer; and that, too, a person so inconsiderable as the visitor I speak of. But if there was no affectation here, we cannot believe that Dismeli was born with "the great deficiency, perhaps," that distinguished Sidonia.

It was the absence of affection that HIS EXTRAORDINARY DRESS. If Disraeli's affectations, and the extravagance of his attire in his buddin, lays, are made so large a part of in private history, it is probably because he meant them so much, and because they really are clews of a sort to a very badling character. Mr. Froude is sur-that, with his black satin shirts and the like, "his dress was purposed affectation. "t led the listener to look for only folly from him, and when a brilliant flash broke out it was the more startling as being utterly unlooked for from such a figure." But the truth is better put. I fancy, when Mr. Froude says that Disraell's foppery was "more than balt assumed," It was purposed affectation for the greater part, but yet based upon an unaffected delight in personal gauds, upon a taste which was imperfectly aware of its worst offences. and yet more upon the entirely alien character of his mind,

It was not only to startle and impress the world that the young Disraeli par-aded his eccentricities of splendor. His family also had to be impressed by hem. It was to his sober father, Isaac D'Israeli, that he wrote when on his travels (he was then a man of twenty-

people of Janina. The Grand vizier himself remarked and evidently covets dit. Curious that while Disraeli is reveling in these and similar glories he can call Bulwer "supmtpous and fantastic."

THE CLEVEREST OF ALL.

These are only a few of many signs.

These are only a few of many signs, repeated over a long stretch of years, that, though Disraeli's bizarre attire

was a calculated means of attention.

it pleased something in his ramarkably sane mind at the same time. Toward the end of his life, indeed, he scornfully denied the black satin shirts, the lace rutiles, the diamond rings over white kid gloves, as stupid and ridiculous inventions. He did so in a letter ad-dressed to the writer of these pages. But Lady Dufferin's account of his array when she first met him is not the only one of its nearly incredible kind; and Lord Dalling (Sir Henry Bulwer) told me of a really memorable little dinner party which is more illus-trative of this high matter than any of them; wherefore it is repeated here, though I told the forgotten tale some years ago. As everybody has read, one of Disraeli's first friends in the world of genius and fashion was Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. "And." said Lord Dalling, "we heard so much at that time of Edward's amazingly bril-liant new friend that we were the most dishedined to make his acquaintance." At length, however, Sir Edward got up a little dinner party to convince his doubters. It was to meet at the early hour of those days at one of the Pic-endilly hotels. "There was my brother, Alexander Cockburn: myself and (I think) Milnes; but, for a considerable, time, no Mr. Disraeli. Waiting for Mr. Disraeli did not enhance the pleasure of meeting him: nor when he did come did his appearance predispose us in his favor. He wore green velvet trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat, low shoes with silver buckles, lace at his wrists and his hair in ringlets." I forget how the coat was described, but it was no ordinary coat. "We sat down. Not one of us was more than five-and-twenty years old. We were all—if you will allow me to include myself—all on the road to distinction, all clever, all am-bitious, and all with a perfect conceit of ourselves. Yet, if, on leaving the table, we had been severally taken aside and asked which was the eleverest of the party, there would have been only one answer. We should have been obliged to say. The man in the green

velvet trousers."

In considering what Disraeli was, rather than what he did, the more noticeable thing in all this is not the success, but the attempt; I mean the method of the attempt. We see here the earliest manifestation—in its drawbacks, to be sure—of what gave Disrali his distinction over every other statesman of his time. England was his man of his time. England was his country; he was carnest for its good and its renown; but he was un-English quite. Bred in England, where all his associates were, he was in mind and intellect completely alien; and therefore his calculated surprises overshot the mark in a way and to a degree that he was insensible of. Those congenial affections of his were pushed to an ex-treme in order to "make an impression" —to fix attention on himself as a self--to fix attention on himself as a self-steering, self-confident, challenging potentiality; but, as I have said before, he could not have gone to such lengths if he had owned any share in the peculiar sensibilities and preposessisons of those among whom he was making way. Had he been more of a Briton, he would have shrunk from an experiment which might posisbly profit him, but at a cost too dreadful for British contemplation; ridicule when his back was turned. At least his English sensibilities would have warned him of the overmuch, are resting the experiment at overmuch, arersting the experiment at some distance short of the excess which did much more of lasting harm than temporary good. The tradition of these absurdities never ceased to color

velvet trousers."

WHAT GLADSTONE SAID. Here was proposed affection quite on the original plan. Other varieties of it seemed to have no object in the world except mystification; and not always. by any means, was the mystifying to his own glory. His constant practice of alliteration and his professed contempt for it can be explained, but hard-ly such bewildering contradictions as he sometimes launched with an evident intention of having them talked about. Of such was the story that went the round of the gossip-journals lately (with half the point omitted)' of two emphatic and diametrically opposite judgments on English art-the one publicly delivered at a Roya Academy dinner, the other addresse fifteen minutes afterward to Mr Browning with the first speech still in his ears. In that speech, what struck Mr. Disraeli most when he looked upon those walls was the abounding inven-tion, the exuberance of fancy, displayed in the works which adorned them. In the other, what struck Mr. Disraell most when he looked upon those walls was the paucity of invention, the barment of distress, and that tears were rolling down the cayful ruin which even in those days his face had become. Yet it was an absolutely impassive face at that moment still. His tears were the only signus of emotion on it; rain upon the gray defaced features of the Sphins.

There are those who maintain that

say. Except for his Jewish birth, which nevertheless was everything to him, Disraeli had no such difficulties to surmount as are commonly imagined. Though his social position was not eminent, it was high enough to make a fair start from; his father had some distinction, and the friendship of men more distinguished than himself; and, not least. Disraell is said to have lead in his sister Sara—a woman of one intellect and strong character—a wisc sympathetic and devoted counsellor. His great lack was the lack of means: which also he seems to have under-stood and reckoned with at an early are, and not at all in the usual way of ambitious boys. "I may commit many follies in life," he wrote to his sister, "but I never intend to marry for love. which I am sure is a guarantee of in-felicity." The terms of this exclama-tion show that we need not give much importance to it; but there is good reason for thinking that its lightness sprang from a solid conception of what would least suit Benjamin Disraeli as a married man. Even the delights of a love match are disturbances, distractions; and the hurly burly of a small fashionable establishment would have been ruin to his course of life as he conceived it.

HIS JUDICIOUS MARRIAGE. Understanding himself with a more fortunate knowledge than that which experience pays for, he felt that in the travels the was then a man of twentysix): "I like a sailor's life much, though
it spoils the tollette." It is in a letter
from Gibraltar to the same hand that
we read of his two canes—" a morning
and an evening cane." "I change my
cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry
them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful
what pffect these magical wands produce. I owe to them more attention
the same hand that
post that the young Disraeli always
looked to marriage to supply a safe footing for his career. The heroes of his
political novels, it has been remarked,
are usually made to owe their first sucmatrimony market, as elsewhere, money might be had too dear. With his considerable expenses, his small inthan to being the supposed author of are usually made to owe their first success to wealthy marriages; his own was same correspondent (himself unimaginable in a binding unlike that of his folios in old brown calf)—who but his father must be told that "Ralph's handkerchief which he brought me but nothing is better known of Distortion than the contract of the contra from Paris is the most successful thing raeli than that this marriage, which

ever wore"; or of the costume-part at once eased the debt-load and secure English, part Spanish, part "fancy"—
which had so wonderful effect on the
people of Janina"? The Grand Vizier
himself remarked and evidently covet-

> I have a strong remembrance of her. It was in the year she died; but she had then, at 80 years old, very evident re-mains of the vivacity which Disraeli marked when he first met her in 1822. "I was introduced, by particular desire, to Mrs. Wypcham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a filtr and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility which I should think unequalled." Seen at a distance, in a dimly lighted room, what first struck me about the small, dark quick-cyed figure was the strangeness of its attire—homage, it might have been, to her Dizzy's early tastes. What I sup-pose should be called the bodice of her gown was a sort of dark crimson or bright claret-colored velvet tunic (but like nothing else that I have ever seen), going high in the neck, and with wha I took for an order of some kind fast eaed upon the left breast. This unusual decoration was puzzling till, on being taken up to her, I saw that it was a framed oval miniature of her husband; probably "by Ross." This was her decoration, pinned on the branst in exactly the right place. Other remembrances I have of this memorable lady, but the first and the last are the best. On leaving the house where I had the pleasure of meeting her, I no ticed, in the hall, that she was in diffi-culties with the strings of a fur mantle, which with gloved hands she was try-

ing to the at the throat.

Heritating, I ventured an offer of ser-Heritating, I ventured an offer of service when the atrings seemed to have excaped altogether; and, by way of saying semething while my tying was going on, I spoke of the accimuations which had lately been showered on Mr. Disraeli at Manchester, of all places. A really great event his reception there was, Entirely unexpected, it was the first clear and undoubtable sign that Disraeli's day had dawned. At the first Disraell's day had dawned. At the first word about Manchestr, Lady Beacons-field's hands went up to arrest the tying, and straightway she began to tell of Dizzy's triumph with a precipitation. a joyful eagerners and sparkle oke more of eighteen than of eighty. Here were the afection and the volu-bility tegether, both untired. From that day I could believe nearly

ail the dinner-table stories of her devo-tion and her admiration; even this. She was one evening in the company of some ladies when the conversation wandered into a talk of fine figures: Mr. A.'s, Mr. B.'s, Captain C.'s. The old lady let them run on, and then said pityingly. You should see my Dizzy in his

TAKEN FROM TAXPAYERS.

The expenses of the queen's household

The expenses of the queen's household are £172,500.

The salaries of the queen's household amount to £131,250.

The lord high chancellor of Great Britain gets \$50,000 per annium.

The lord president of the privy council receives a salary of £20,000.

The first lord of the British admirally receives a salary of £20,000.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary of £20,000 a year.

The duke of £25,000 per annium.

The chancellor of the exchequer in Great Britain has a salary of £25,000.

The princes of Wales receives from the British people £40,000 every year.

The Pencess of Wales has an annual allowance of £10,000 for pin money.

The English secretary f state for the colonies receives a salary of £35,000.

The Deincess Louise draws from the

The Princess Louise draws from the British treasury the modest allowance of 16,000 per year.

The duchess of Teck is expected to get The duchess of Teck is expected to get along somehow or other on an annual allowance of 55,000.

The scertary for fereign affairs and the first lord of the treasury in England receive each a salary of \$50,000.

The home secretary, the secretary for war and the secretary for India receive each a salary of \$25,000 a year.

The duchess of Mecklenburg-Strellitz, on the strength of her connection with the royal family, receives \$3,000 per year.

The ex-empress of Prussia, the empress Frederick, draws from the English treasury as a British princess the sum of \$5,000 every year.

English bishors receive from \$2,500 to \$10,000, and each is provided with a palace in which to reside. There are said to be considerable perquisites attaching to the office.

The salary of the archbishop of Canter.

considerable perquisites attaching to the office.

The salary of the archbishop of Canterbury is \$75,000 a year. He has two palaces provided for him free of cost by the British nation and his attendance and maintenance are also settled for in great part by the British taxpower.

The queen of England receives from the civil list 60,000 a year, or \$300,000, as salary, and there are extensive provisons made for house room, provisions and servants. Besides this the queen is enormously rich, ther private income being one of the handsomest of any royal or noble family in Europe.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Puraly Vegetable, MILD. BUT EFFECTIVE.

Purely versiable, act without p.in, ele-gantly control, terroless, small and cast to take. Indexy's hills assist nature, attenda-ing to localish a strivity the liver, bowels and other discative organs, one has the bowels in a natural condition without any after effects.

CURE

Sick Headache, Billiousness, Constipation, Piles

 $-\Delta D \rightarrow$

All Liver Disorders.

RADWAY'S PILLS are purely yegetable ild and reliable cause Perfect Digestion reporte absorption and besit if alregularity Desirts a bex At Druggists, or by mail. "Book of Advice" free by mail.

> RADWAY & CO., No. 53 Elm Street, New York.



DELAWARE AND DELAVAREAND
HUDSON TIME
TABLES
On Monday, Nov. 23,
trains will leave Scranten as follows:
For Carbondale—5.45,
7.55, 8.55, 19.55, a. m.;
12.30 ncon; 1.21, 2.20, 3.52,
a.25, 6.25, 7.37, 2.10, 19.35,
11.35 p. m.
For Albany, Saratora, Montreal, Boston, New England points, etc.—5.45 a. m.;
2.10 p. m.

ton, New England points, etc.—5.45 a. m.; 2.20 p. m.
For Honesdale—5.45, 8.55, 19.15 a. m.; 12.99 noon, 2.90, 5.25 p. m.
For Wilkes-Barre—6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.38, 19.45 a. m.; 12.05, 1.29, 2.28, 2.33, 4.41, 6.09, 7.50, 9.30, 11.30 p. m.
For New York, Philadelphia, etc., via Lehigh Valley Railrond—6.45, 7.45 a. m.; 12.05, 1.29, 2.32 (with Black D'amond Express), 11.39 p. m.
For Pennasylvania Railroad points—6.45, 9.38 a. m.; 2.39, 4.41 p. m.
For western points, via Lehigh Valley Railroad—7.45 a. m.; 12.05, 3.33 (with Black Diamond Express) 9.50, 11.30 p. m.
Trains will arrive at Scranton as follows:

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect June 14. 1895. Trains Leave Wilkes-Barre as Follows 7.30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Balti-more, Washington, and for Pitta-

burg and the West. O.15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sun-bury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.

IT p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Balti-more, Washington and Pittsburg and the West. p. m., Sundays only, for Sun-

bury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg and the West.

6.00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent. S. M. PREVOST, General Manager.



LEHIGH VALLEY RAIROAD SYS-TEM. Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively Insur-

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.
IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.
TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON.
For Pulladelphia and New York via D.
& H. R. R. at 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.95, 1.29, 3.33
(Black Diamond Express) and 11,30 p. m.
For Putston and Wilkes-Barre via D.
L. & W. R. R. 6.09, 8.08, 11.29 a. m., 1,55,
3.40, 5.00 and 8.47 p. m
For White Haven. Hazleton, Pottsville and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R., 6.45 a. m., 12.05 and 4.41 p. m.

and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R., 6.45 a. m., 12.65 and 4.41 p. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 7.45 a. m., 12.95, 1.29, 3.32 (Black Diamond Express), 4.41 and 11.30 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D., L. & W. R., 6.00, 8.08, 9.55, a. m., 12.20 and 3.40 p. m.

For Geneva, Ruchester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R., 7.45 a. m., 12.95, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 9.50 and 11.30 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or Lehigh Valley chair cars on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. CHAS, S. LEE, Gen. Pass, Agt., Phila, Pa. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa. Scranton Office, 309 Lackawanna avenue.

Del., Lack. and Western. Effect Monday, October 19, 1896.

Effect Monday, October 19, 1895.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.16, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1,10 and 3.33 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 3.33 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3.45 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.20, 2.55 a. m., and 1.55 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 2.15 a. m. Binghemton and way stations, 1.65 p. m. Nicholson accommodation, 5.15 p. m. Binghamton and Elmira express, 5.53 p. m. Express for Utlea and Richfield Springs, 235 a. m., and 1.55 p. m. 1thaca 2.35 and Bath 9.15 a. m. and 1.55

Ithaca 2.35 and Bath 9.15 a. m. and 1.35 p. m.
For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkss-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at North-umberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South, Northumberland and intermediate stations, 5.00, 9.55 a. m. and 1.55 and 6.00 p. m.
Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 3.00 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 2.40 and 8.47 p. m.
Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.
For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 223 Lackswanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

Central Railroad of New Jersey. (Lehigh and Susquehanna Division.) Anthracite coal used exclusively, insur-

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.39 a. m., 1245, 20, 265, 6.00, 7.19 p. m. Sundays 9.00, a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Atlantic City, 8.29 a. m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 2.9 (express) a. m., 12.45 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.05 (express) p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m. Train leaving 12.45 p. m. arrives at Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 5.22 p. m. and New York 6.00 p. m.

For Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton and Philadelphia, 8.20 a. m., 12.45, 3.05, 5.00 (except Philadelphia, 8.20 a. m., 12.5, 3.05, a. m. and 12.45 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.20 a. m. and 12.45 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a. m., 12.45, 5.00 p. m.

Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m., 12.45, 5.00 p. m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North River, at 9.19 (express) a. m., 1.0), 1.39, 4.16 (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 4.20 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.23 a. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest a. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN.

Gen. Pass. Agt.

J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

Eric and Wyoming Valley. Effective Nov. 2.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erle, also for Hawley and local points at 7.66 a. m. and 2.28 p. m., and arrive from above points at 10.23 a. m., 2.18 and 9.38 i. m.



south Round. North Hound. 203 201 505 504 Stations Sta P RF NATTIVE LCAVE A
725 N Y Franklin S:
7 10 West 42nd street
7 00 Wechawken
P 11 Arrive Leave A N p n'Arrive Leaves

| 115 linnesek Junction |
| 109 linnesek Junction |
| 1256 Starlicht |
| 1246 Preston Park |
| 1240 Como |
| 1240 Poyntelle |
| 1241 Belmont Mt.

lows:
From Carbondele and the north—6.49,
7.40, 8.40, 9.34, 10.40 a. m.; 12.00 noon; 1.05,
2.24, 3.25, 4.37, 5.45, 7.45, 9.45 and 11.25 p. m.
From Wilkes-Harre and the south—5.40,
7.50, 8.50, 10.10, 11.55 a. m.; 1.16, 2.14, 2.48,
5.22, 6.21, 7.53, 9.09, 9.45, 11.52 p. m.
J. W. BURDICK, G. P. A., Albany, N. Y.
H. W. Cross, D. P. A., Scranton, Pa.

T. Flitcroft, Div. Pass, Agt. Scranton, Pa.